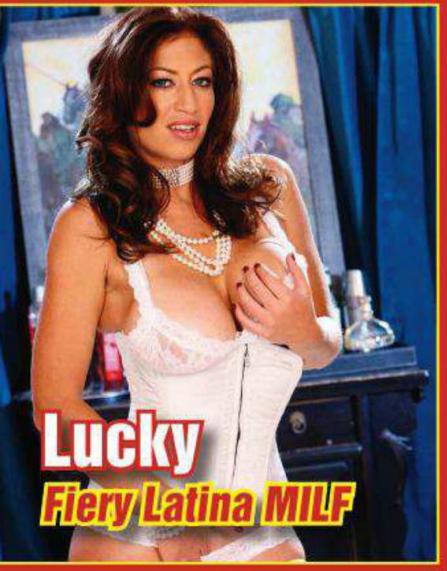


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NASTY**

OLDER SLUTS

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Darryl

**SHE SAVED
HER MARRIAGE
BY CHEATING**

**SULTRY
ANYA**
**FRENCH SLUT
ON A
SEX JOURNEY**

50+

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Amber Lynn

Wet For Student

Amber Lynn lived the perfect life, according to other people. She had the big house, white picket fence, two children, a rich husband and even her own great job. The only problem was that the one thing she didn't have was the most important thing of all - hot, steamy sex. Being married to the same man for twenty years wasn't exactly a recipe for success, neither was the fact that she was surrounded by young, hot guys and girls all day. Amber started out as an award-winning pianist but after she retired from playing professionally, she decided to start teaching piano from home. She certainly had the time, knowledge and space, so why not? At least it would give her something to do. One of her students - the hottest of them all- had been with her for two years and every time he came over, it was all Amber could do to not jump on him. They sat close together for hours as she taught him how to use his hands on the keys and it was becoming too much for her. She couldn't deny her pussy any longer.







Amber greeted her student in the sluttiest lingerie she could find. The second she started greedily sucking on his cock, it became clear this was going to be one special lesson.



The horny MILF had dreamed of him for so long she was sopping wet. He slid right in, his pubic bone slapping her tight ass.





She had taught him how to work his fingers on piano keys, but now she was going to teach him how to work those strong, agile fingers on her clit.





Fucking the man of her wet
dreams on the piano her lame
husband had bought her
drove Amber over the edge.
She worked him like a beast.





In a symphony of moans, the hot blonde sucked her lover and her tits clean. Now Amber's looking for her encore...

900-378-6060





Lisa *Slutty* *Housekeeper*





Lisa had lost hope. A woman of her age who worked all day and was too tired to go out at night stood no chance of getting well fucked. Working as a live-in housekeeper, her job kept her occupied but she loved her employers, the house she got to live in and the way they treated her with respect. When she first started working for them, she was babysitting their son, as well as doing all other chores needed. Once their son turned eighteen, her job got less stressful and much more horny. The kid she used to babysit had grown up into a stud and when she 'accidentally' walked in on him showering, she saw just how well he had grown up. Lisa was hungry for boss's son, but she didn't want to risk her job. But the day he came out to tan in the tightest swim trunks she had ever seen, Lisa had no choice but to go for it.

She was near the pool when he came outside so, pretending not to notice him, she slid her plump globes out of her bathing suit while sliding one hand down to her steamy slit.







Without saying a word, she walked over to the young hottie, pulled down his trunks and found her present. It didn't take long for her hot, sucking mouth to make it rock-hard.







WorldMagazine



The feisty whore knew they shouldn't be fucking in public - her bosses could walk outside any second - but he was stretching her so well, she couldn't do anything but scream.





Lisa twisted and turned, working her tight pussy walls like a sexpert. She wanted his dick inside her hot hole forever, and she wanted to feel his explosion filling her deepest treasures.







The Asian slut was hungry for more and wouldn't stop until she sucked him hard again. Could you handle this horny mermaid?

900-537-6725





Anyta

Tour Guide Vixen

Anyta was born and raised in France and she had lived there all her life. She loved her country and from a young age knew she wanted to work in the tourism industry. So, Anyta learned everything there was to know and worked her way up to become one of the most popular private tour guides in the country. She didn't come cheap and her clientele included the richest of the richest, usually in France on business and with very little time to see as much as possible. Anyta was used to being hit on - look at her! - but she was always 100% professional. Unless she was turned on by her client, that is. On more than a few occasions, Anyta showed up at a guest's hotel and they never made it out the door, spending the night fucking like rabbits. She always carries a slutty outfit in her bag, just in case. When she showed up at American millionaire Mike's penthouse suite, she knew it was going to be one of those very special tour nights.





When Anya came out of the bathroom and onto the balcony in a tiny black number, Mike didn't have to say a word. The rising member in his pants was a clear indication that the only local sites he wanted to see were Anya's tight holes.







Anya was good at what she did and she was going to take her newest one-night stand on a journey filled wild passion and a lot of cumming.

If the millionaire wanted to see the best of what France had to offer, she was going to give him a closer look. Spreading her legs, she showed off her wet cunt and throbbing little clit.

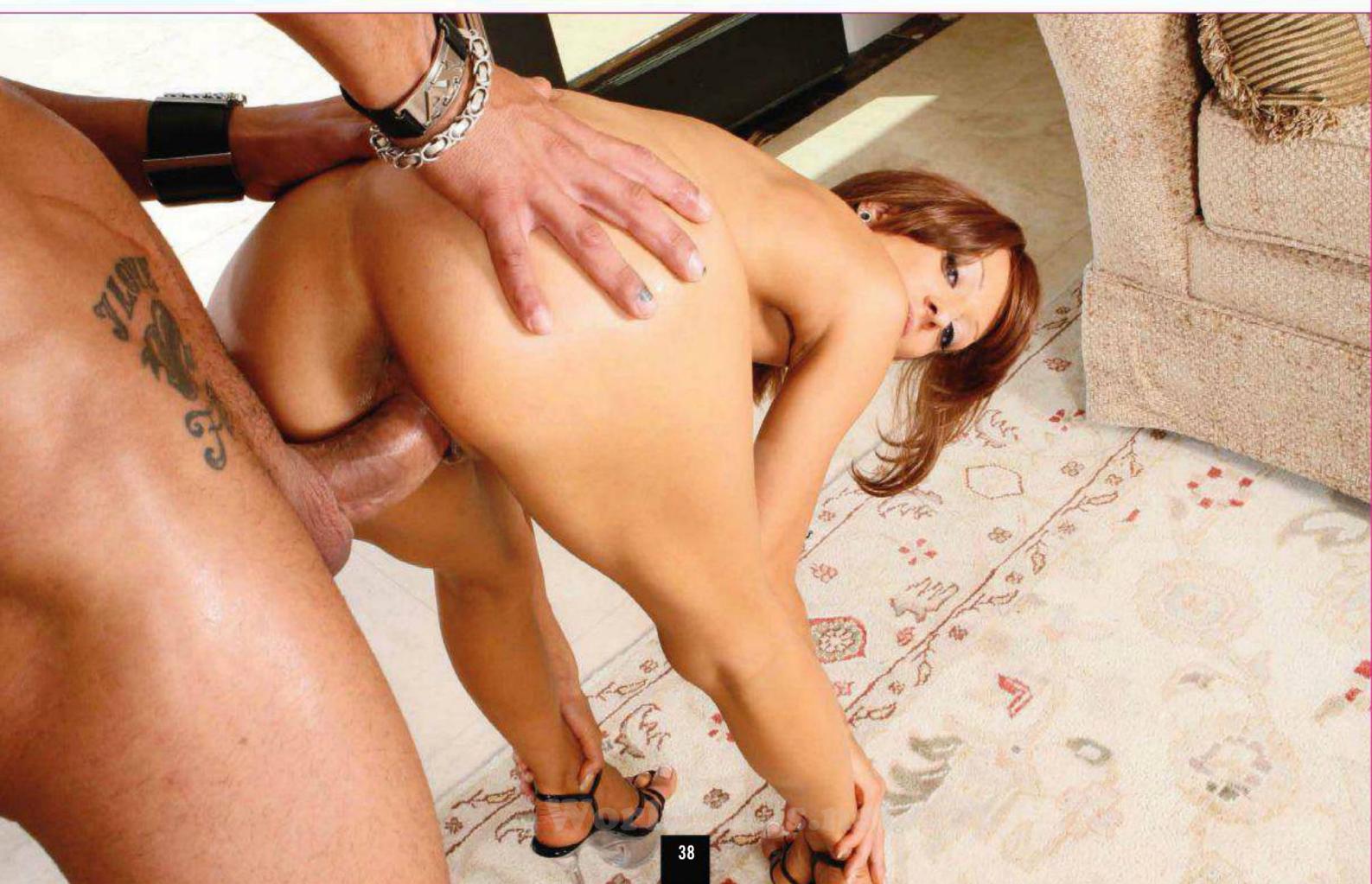




Tanya liked being manhandled and she drove herself to a screaming come that made her shake by making him pump her slit while pulling at her nipple piercings.









He had to be thanked and she sucked him dry while teasing his cock with her tongue ring. Would you like Anya to give you a personal tour?

900-673-3494



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I own a private beach on the Adriatic. It cost me several million euros, but I reckon it's been worth it. See, there's superb diving just off beach, but it's still in the bay – and I own access to the bay, so I control who comes in and goes out.

One day, a trio of men arrived with a woman – the woman, I now know, is married to one of the men, her name's Carlotta and she's Italian, with jet-black hair, piled up high on her head, and big breasts, largeish butt, nice thighs and is basically a 50-year-old you'd wanna fuck.

Anyway, the four arrived in their big rubber run-about at my jetty, which is where my security men get 'em to report. I strolled down, just wearing cut-off jeans and boat shoes. I'm 45, I'm tall, dark, slim and tanned. Oh, and filthy rich, but you knew that already.

"Hi boss," said the man who was obviously the leader of the group. He was about my age. "I'm told if we ask nicely you'll let us dive here."

I looked them over. All well-built, all wearing wetsuits with knives on their belts, all with diving gear. Except the woman. She was in a shiny black bikini, and her body was oiled and looked slippery. I wanted to rub my cock all over it.

"Well, sure, but what's in it for me?" I asked, not looking at the man, but the woman.

He grinned. "We can pay."

I shook my head. "I don't have any need of money," I told him. "But if you wanna go diving, you got anything I can go diving with?" And I kept my gaze on the woman – or, rather, her tits!

The man looked at her and grinned. "Well, Carlotta, what do'ya say? You want him to go diving with you?"



THE MILF THEY LEFT BEHIND

She looked up at me and I'll not boast, but I'm well-built – strong-muscled – and my cut-offs couldn't disguise the fact that I was stacked in the crotch department.

"He looks like fun," she said, in a husky Italian-accented English. The man held out his hand to her and pulled her from their rubber dinghy and she stepped up onto the jetty. She was barefoot, but when she stood alongside me she was quite tall. And I could almost smell her musk!

"Carlotta's all yours, boss," laughed the man. "We'll be diving for about an hour or two, so keep her occupied."

"If she keeps me occupied, perhaps I'll let you back again," I said, and held out a hand and took Carlotta back along the jetty towards the staircase up to my mansion. Her hand was strong, but warm. She gripped me firmly.

Up into the house, I showed her to the bedroom, watching her walk ahead of me, her shiny buttocks jouncing superbly. She stood by the bed and turned to face me.

"Fuck, Carlotta," I said, "it sure is hot. Mind if I step out of these cut-offs?" And without waiting for an answer, I pushed them to my ankles and kicked 'em away. I wasn't wearing

anything beneath them and my cock was sliding towards a nine-inch hard-on. Yeah – nine, and Carlotta could see the way it was growing.

Her eyes widened and she breathed out: "Wow, that's a biggcock, I wanna suck it!"

I grinned. "Be my guest, but first, Carlotta, lose the bikini," I told her. She did. She was big, heavy breasts – but not saggy, no sir. Fully-blown they were wonderful big footballs of flesh, light chocolate brown from her tan. The nipples were as hard as pebbles, the areolae around 'em large, which I fuckin' like!

She next pushed down her panties and she shaved there, leaving a narrow, jet-black strip of pubic hair pointing to her pussy. There was a little scorpion tattoo on her lower left abdomen. But I was more interested in her mouth.

Carlotta was hot for my cock, too, with its purple, gleaming helmet, and she knelt and began to fellate me. Her tongue started on my heavy ball sac, lifting them slightly with her pink flesh, and then she went for broke, sucking my cock's head in deep and driving down on me. She'd sucked cock before – many, many times before!

But she was too good – I was in danger of cumming pretty damn quick, so I grabbed her lovely head of hair and pulled her back so she looked up at me with her big brown eyes. "Not so fast, Carlotta," I said. "Now it's my turn to do some muffing. On your back on the bed!"

She obeyed in an instant and I pressed my mouth against her lush labia, tasting her sweet juices, then licked into her cunt – sopping wet, my cock has that effect on a lot of women – and then I attacked her clitoris. She came quick, which was just as well because I was hot to get my cock in her again.

I drove myself deep into her lovely cunt, and she grabbed my buttocks and slapped 'em a few times as I was getting started.

"Thassa great cock," she told me, and I kissed her on the mouth, so she could taste her pussy on my lips.

"Glad you like it," I said. Then I started the



hump in earnest and soon, as I knew I was reaching cum time, I told her: "I'm ready to shoot, Carlotta. You wanna be a big girl and suck it all down?"

She nodded, immediately. She didn't wanna disappoint me, I guess.

"Good girl," I said. "There's gonna be quite a wad, but I'm sure you'll manage!"

I knelt up, my cock waving in her face, and she opened wide and swallowed me down. I was real keen on seeing how she'd take it, but she was a fuckin' trouper – she sucked and swallowed like it was no big deal.

About half an hour later, I was ready for a repeat performance, and this time I pumped my

jizz into her vagina. Then, I realized I wanted her for more than a two-hour fuck session.

"They'll be back soon," I said, checking my Omega Seamaster. "You wanna stay a while – I mean, a few days, I like fuckin' you Carlotta."

She kissed me. "Tell 'em you'll get me back to the hotel the day after tomorrow," she said. "Tell 'em something came up."

Nine inches of cock – gets 'em every time!

-Name withheld by request



Brittany

Model Gone Wild

Brittany had been the hottest plus-size model around until younger versions of her began causing major hype on the modeling scene a few months back. She thought her experience and ability to make love to the camera would be enough to keep competitors at bay, but lately that just didn't seem to be true. Not one to be outdone, Brittany refused to back down and retire on principle. She knew she was still smoking hot and she could work the camera like no other. Her ad campaigns led to sales and she wasn't going to be pushed away by some young sluts. When her agent booked her for a lingerie shoot for one of the industry's biggest companies and she found out she was going to be shot by one of the most in demand photographers of the moment, she knew that it was her last real shot to win back her stardom and she planned on taking advantage of the moment to the max.





When it came to the end of the shoot, rather than giving her best last pose and leaving, Brittany began a seductive striptease. Never leaving the photog's eyes, she stared at him as she revealed why she was still smoking hot.







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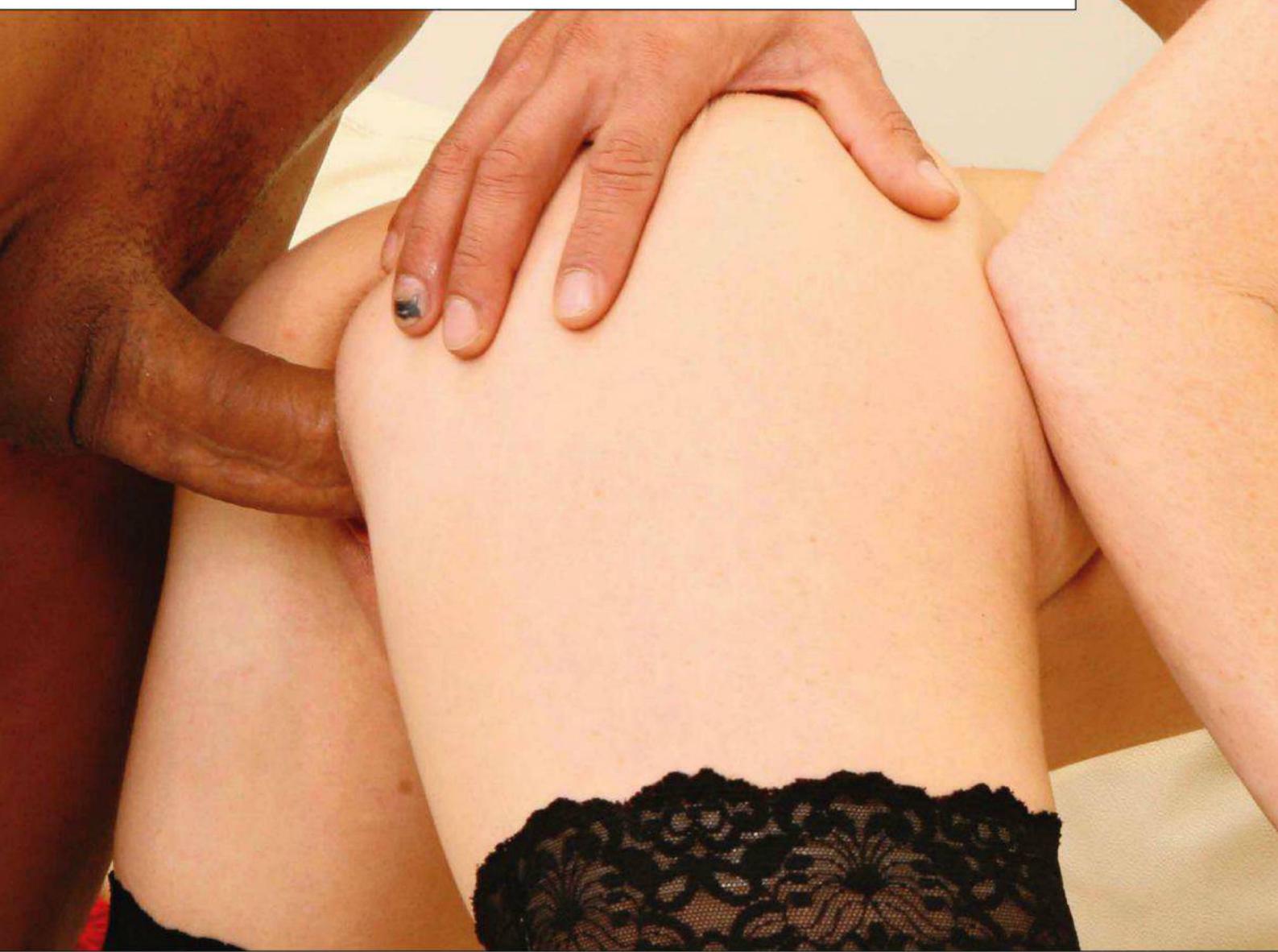
Her body was tight, her ass was round and her tits were bouncy. This really was one sexy model and she sure as hell knew how to use those hot curves to fuck. Jumping on the photog's dick, she worked him like a sex machine.





No one was going to out-perform Brittany and if her posing was no longer enough, she was going to get the best jobs around by using her clenching pussy and slut fuck techniques.







She knew he was married, but in this business, who cared? All that mattered was that she knew how to fuck his cock dry and he knew how to stretch her to the max and rub her clit sore. Why else was there always a couch or bed on photoshoot sets?



The cock-hungry bitch was working him so hard, he was becoming addicted to her pussy's filthy, filthy tricks. He needed her steamy cunt over and over again and he was ready to do anything to get it.



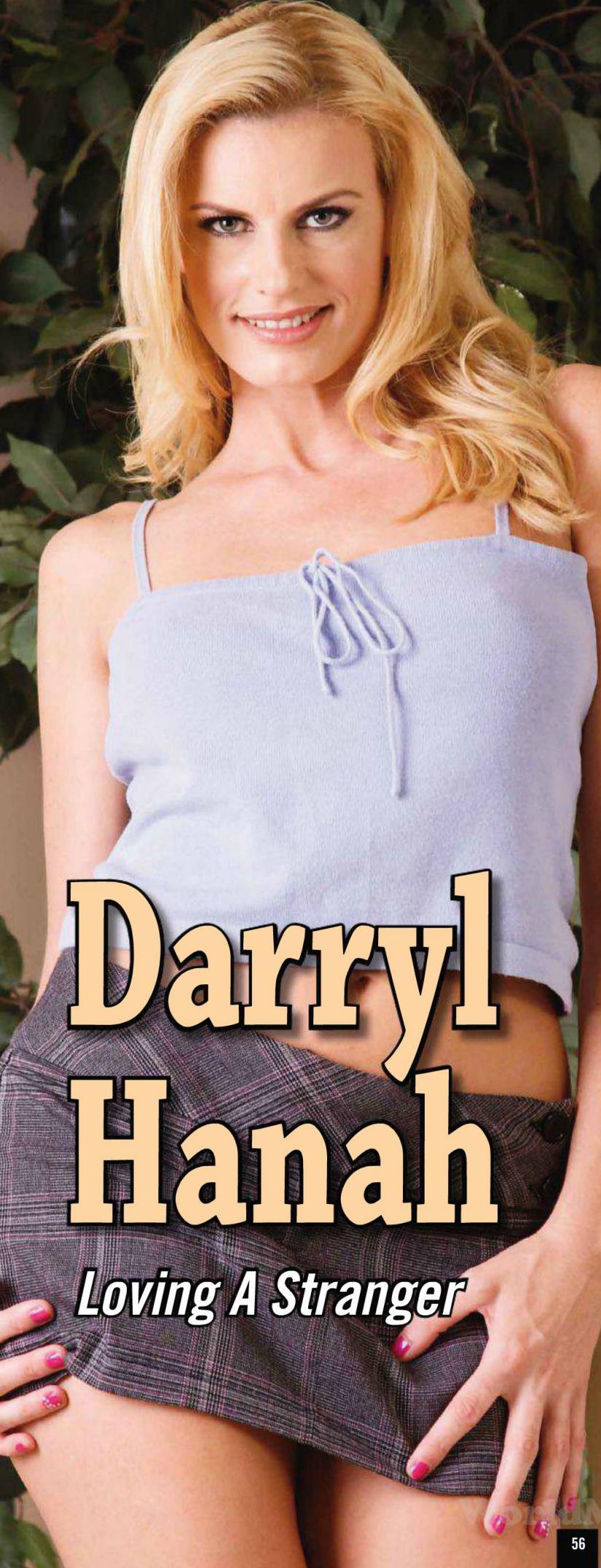






Swallowing like a good little slut, she now knew for sure that she could fuck her way back to the top. What can you help Brittany with?

800-289-6725



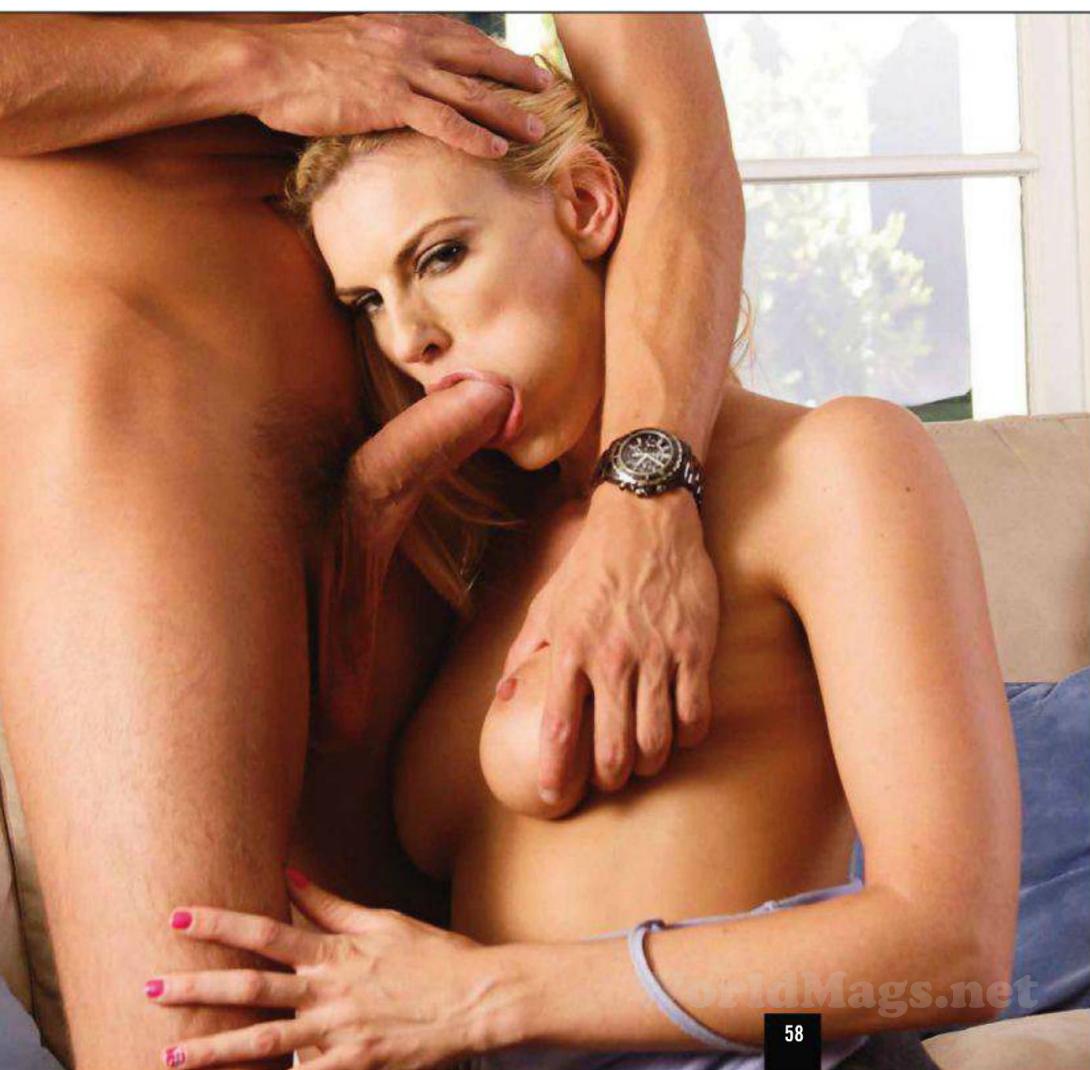
Darryl Hanah

Loving A Stranger



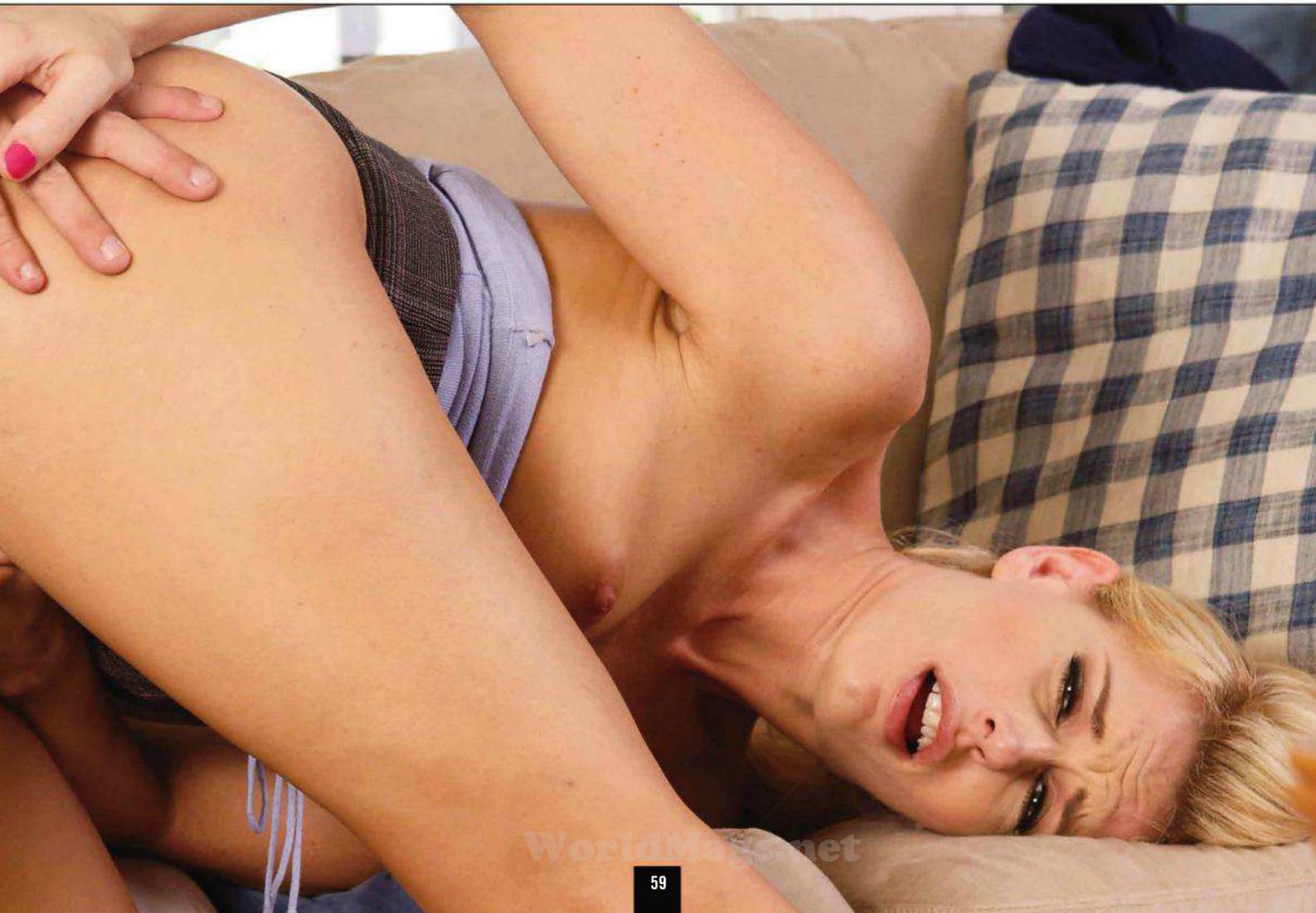
A full-page photograph of a blonde woman with long hair, posing nude against a backdrop of green foliage. She is looking over her shoulder at the camera with a slight smile. Her left hand is resting on her hip, and her right hand is adjusting the lace of her black thong. A small tattoo of a star inside a heart shape is visible on her lower abdomen.

Darryl Hanah never had to work a day in her life, she was too smoking hot for that. From early on she knew she would use her looks and tight body to get everything she ever wanted, and more. But marrying for money isn't all it's cracked up to be. Married and divorced four times, Darryl was now on Husband Number Five and ready to look for Husband Number Six. The problem with marrying a man just for the house, car and luxuries he owned was that Darryl always ended up with someone she didn't really like, and wasn't really hot for. She didn't want to go through a divorce again, but she wouldn't be able to make it work if she didn't get properly laid soon. Lucky for her, a new neighbor moved in who was able to fill all her dirty needs..





When he came by for a visit, she didn't say a word, she just dropped her clothes and proudly showed off her perky braless tits and wet, inviting pussy.



A top-down photograph of a man and a woman in bed. The man is on top, his body angled away from the camera, while the woman lies beneath him, her head resting on a blue pillow. She is nude, with her arms raised above her head and hands behind her head. The man is wearing light-colored pajama bottoms.

The sexy temptress didn't see it as cheating at all - she was saving her marriage. And if her tight slit felt this good, how could it be wrong?



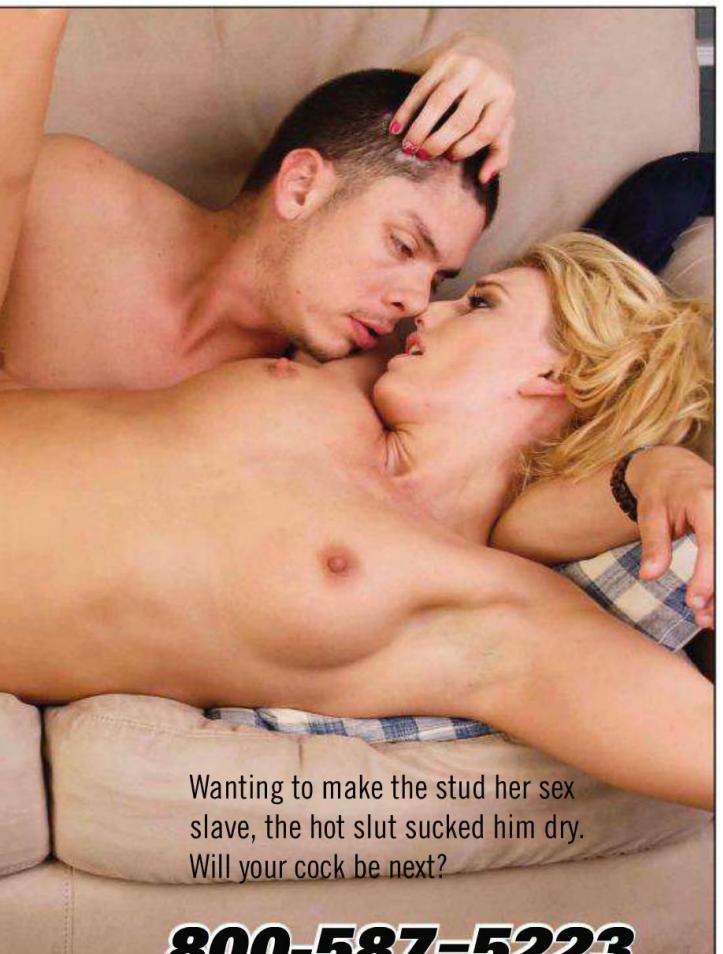




Darryl hadn't been well plowed in months and the young hunk was doing better than she had hoped. He was obviously a filthy fuck who got around, and that's how she liked it.



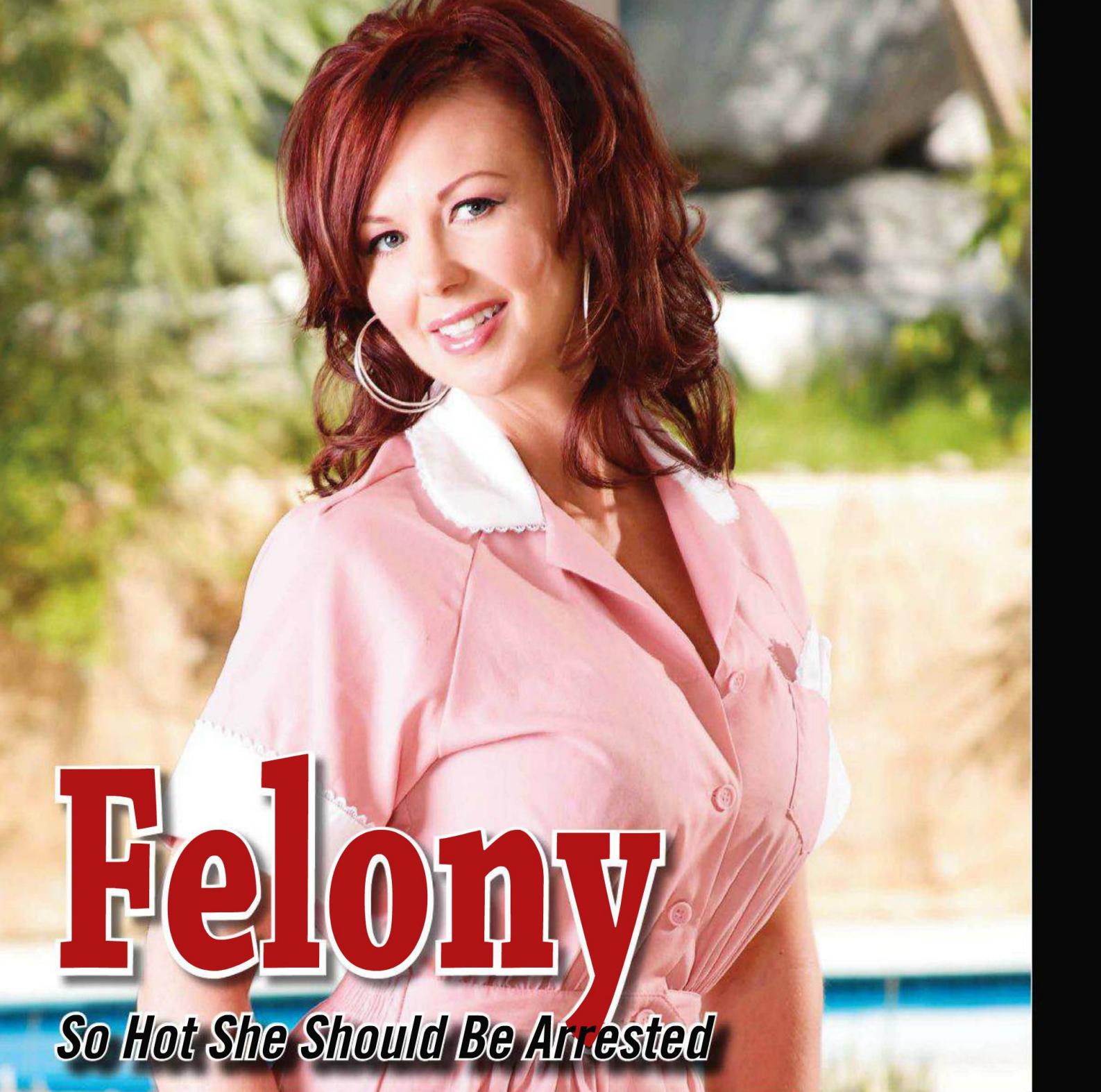




Wanting to make the stud her sex slave, the hot slut sucked him dry. Will your cock be next?

800-587=5223

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Felony

So Hot She Should Be Arrested

Felony did okay for herself, but in the game of life, she wasn't winning. At least, not by her standards. When she got pregnant by a one-night stand in college, she was forced to drop out of school and find work. She had always planned to go back and finish her degree so she could get a 'real' job, but somehow that never happened. Her child became her priority and she stopped caring about everything else. When her daughter moved out, Felony found herself all alone once again. Still working as a waitress at the same local diner she had started at all those years ago, Felony couldn't help but feel depressed. The only bright spot in her life was one of her regular customers who always managed to make her smile. It didn't hurt that he made her wet either. Maybe he was the answer to all of her problems?





The next time she saw him come into the restaurant, Felony undid a few buttons on her dress and went over to take his order. He couldn't stop staring at the giant tits starting to spill out of her uniform and she hoped she would be his dessert that day.







She slipped him a note and the stud showed up at her house after her shift. She screamed at the touch of a real cock sliding into her sopping pussy, and her giant globes looked even hotter as they bounced around wildly.







Felony's pierced pussy was doing nasty things to the rock-hard rod stretching it to orgasmic heights. She couldn't believe what a real slut she was.



The older tramp was begging for it from every position imaginable. When the young fuck came inside her, she sucked him hard again and demanded to be pumped harder and longer.





The second time around, she had to taste him. The way her pierced tongue and full lips worked his dick, Felony should have been arrested for a very steamy sex felony.







The way her body exploded, Felony decided to never deny herself sex again. The hot redhead is now ready to commit countless crimes with her wet pussy...

800-607-4437

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Lucky

Role-playing Latina

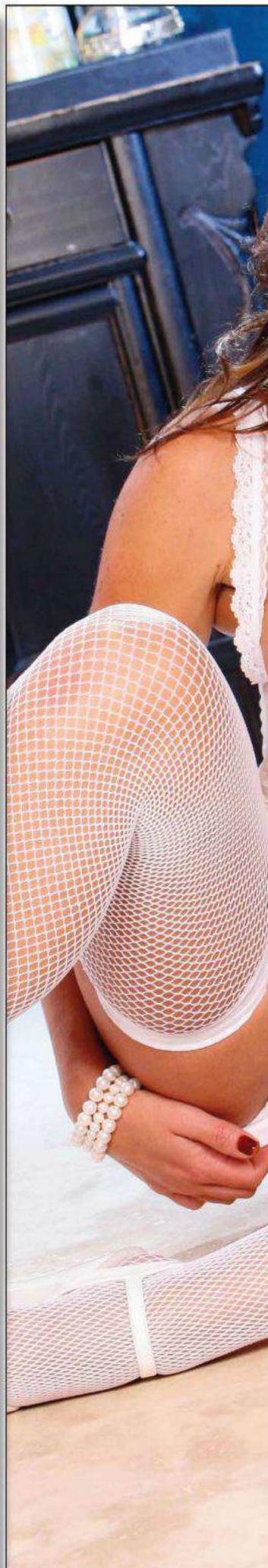
Lucky had always had a thing for role playing. Whether it was a Halloween party or just another steamy night in her bedroom, the hot Latina was all about putting on a sleazy outfit and pretending to be someone she wasn't. Her husband never liked any of her antics in the sack, but she didn't care. It made her so horny and she came more than ever when there was acting involved and she wasn't going to deny herself any pleasure. One night, she decided it was time to unleash her favorite character again - she was going to be a high-class escort. Seeing her hot body in the mirror, she had to get a head start and touch herself, but just as she had hoped, the door began to open as her moans got louder and louder. What she didn't expect was the man who entered.







It was Lucky's extra lucky day. The man who walked in on her wasn't her husband, it was his much hotter, fitter, younger brother. She had fantasized about him a lot and she wasn't going to pass up this lucky chance. She kept fingering herself like she had been expecting him all along.







Her husban's brother was about to leave, but he realized the tramp didn't want him to. Acting like an A-class escort, she stripped for him, pushed him on the bed, then mounted him screaming and squealing at the top of her lungs.







Lucky took her role very seriously. She talked dirty, swore, moaned, panted and fucked like a fantasy slut. She was so loud and over the top, her new lover had to do everything he could to not explode immediately.



The way her pussy walls worked him and the way she twisted and turned like an acrobat on the cock inside her was more than any man could handle. Her steamy cunt had him begging for mercy.







She even swallowed like one of the best sluts in the business. What more could anyone ask for?

800-761-2742





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They announced that the fuckin' flight to Denver was cancelled due to a mechanical failure. It would be ready at 8am the next day.

The tall, busty, leggy blonde I'd been chatting to in the departure lounge looked at me and said: "What the fuck do you in this joint when your flight's fucked?"

I grinned and looked at her large-lipped mouth. "Well," I ventured, "one thing springs to mind."

She looked at me – I was wearing an Armani suit, snappy tie and expensive Italian hand-made shoes – and must have thought it wasn't a bad idea. "You're on," she said, "let's talk to the clerk."

We approached the desk and she flashed her VIP passenger card. I didn't have one, I'd never flown the fuckin' airline before.

"We want a room voucher," she said. "We're travelling together."

The blonde bimbo seemed impressed by the leggy woman's VIP card. "It's a suite," she said, "only we don't spring for the liquor cabinet."

"We won't be drinking," said my newfound friend, who took my arm and steered me out to the cab rank and told the driver where we were going.

On the way I looked at her again and again I liked what I was looking at. She had wonderfully springy, long hair that looked like it was half-mussed up. The sort of effect women pay hundreds of dollars to get. But her breasts were the "grabbers" as it were. They thrust like



WE WANT A ROOM VOUCHER

mighty twin footballs in her nicely-cut black trouser suit.

"My name's Kim, if that's what you're thinking," she said, "and I'm 48, single and not the marrying type."

I held out my hand. "Russell," I said, 35, and I'm single too."

We checked into the hotel – or, rather, she did. I didn't mind that, bossy women I don't mind, 'specially when I

know I'm gonna fuck them.

Upstairs in the room we put our things in the wardrobe, all classy like, no grabbing, no pawing.

"Make me a whisky sour while I'm freshening up," she said, pointing to the liquor cabinet.

"I though you told the airline clerk we wouldn't be drinking," I smiled.

"I lied," she said, no smile. I shrugged and made two whiskey sours.

When they were ready, I stripped naked, hung up my suit and sat on the large double bed, propped up by pillows. My cock was erect in anticipation, which

meant it was pointing its eight inches plus to the fuckin' ceiling.

Then Kim was back, her even looking even more mussed and sexier than ever. She was wearing a shiny black satin bra, and the upper mounds of her big breasts were golden glowing orbs. She was in black high heels but nothing at her crotch. She shaved there, but for a narrow, fair-haired landing strip. Her labia looked lush and lickable.

She walked to the side of the bed, glanced down at my stiff cock, with its thick, uncut head, murmured "Nice, Russell, very nice" and then she swung a still-shod foot over my torso and settled, kneeling on the bed.

Then, as she pushed her pussy into my face, she reached to the bedside table and sipped on her whisky sour. I sipped on her minge, which was wet, musky and tasted great. She writhed on me a little, then sighed as I drove my tongue into her cunt. "Lovely," she whispered, "but now go to the clit, I'll cum quickly. Then, when I've finished my drink, you can fuck me." Still the bossy type, see?

Not that I minded, she had an aromatic minge and she moved nicely on my mouth. Soon I was flicking at her erect little clitoris and soon my oral exertions paid off and she panted "Yeah, Russell, that's good, I'm cummin', yeahhhh!" and she came on me, finished off her whiskey sour and shifted her crotch from my face until it was aimed directly above my stiffy.

She reached down, placed my cock head at her outer cunt lips, then sat on me, her tight cunt pulling my foreskin down my shaft to the ring. I reached up, unclipped her black brassiere and her big breasts tumbled free. I pulled her upper body towards me and licked at her erected nipples. Then I started to suck at them, hard, and fuck me if she didn't cum on me again!

Kim was still moaning and going on about "Wow, two orgasms" or something like that, but I wanted to be in charge



now – enough of her cumming on me, it was my turn for fuck's sake!

I grabbed her buttocks – and a lovely, grabbable lump of flesh that was, too – and rolled over until I was on top of her, and then I started to give her a nice, slow, steady tempo hump. Like I said, she was a nice, tight fuck and soon her grabbing vaginal muscles were squeezing on my erection and then, like I know she wanted, she started to milk me and my jizz erupted in one long, hot explosion into her cunt.

I rolled off her and kissed her on the mouth – our very first mouth-to-mouth kiss, believe it or not! "Wanna refill?" I asked.

"Cum or whiskey sour?" she grinned.

"Either, or, take your pick," I said, not being able to top that.

"Let's make it the whiskey sour first, while your body works on replenishing the cum," she said. So I mixed two more whiskey sours.

We sank the drinks, then I was ready to fuck again. So was she.

At the end, before we turned out the light, Kim told me: "Russell, you're possibly the best fuck I've had in years. Wanna make this a permanent arrangement?"

I leaned down and kissed her great breasts, concentrating on the stiffening nipples, and before you could say "Fuck" my cock was straining upwards again and I was pushing it into her velvet-smooth cunt.

"Thought you said you weren't the marryin' kind?" I reminded her.

Kim smiled softly. "Well," she confessed, "I may have lied about that, too!"

-Russell Dubois

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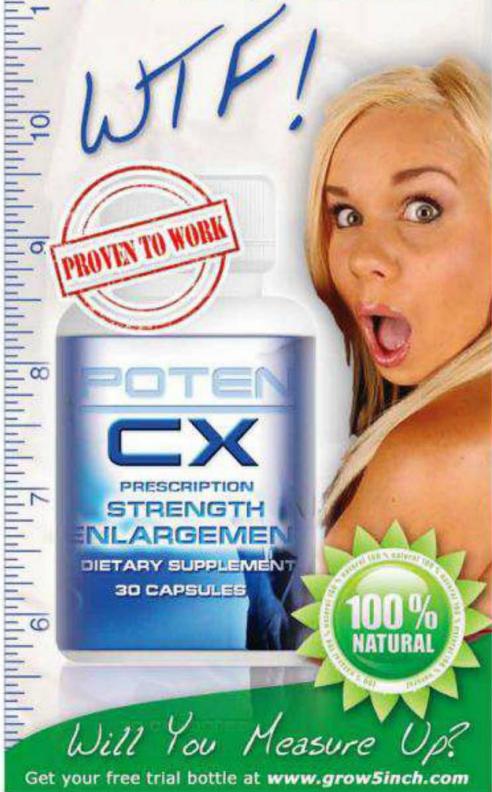
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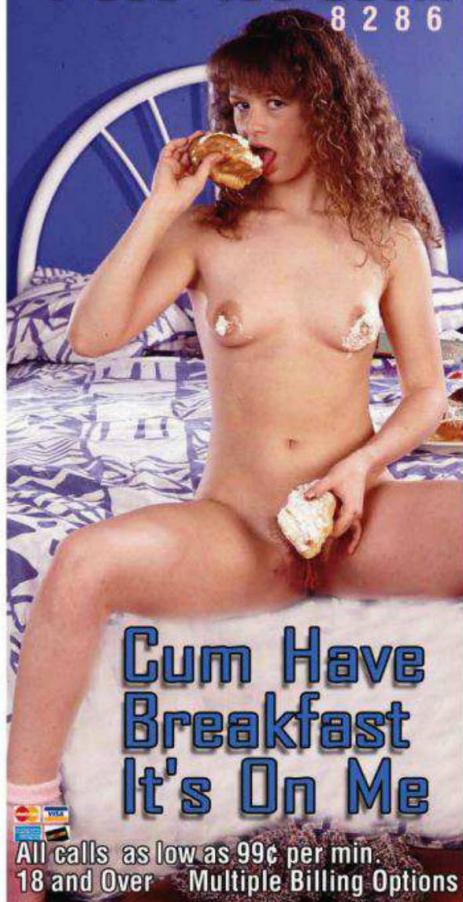
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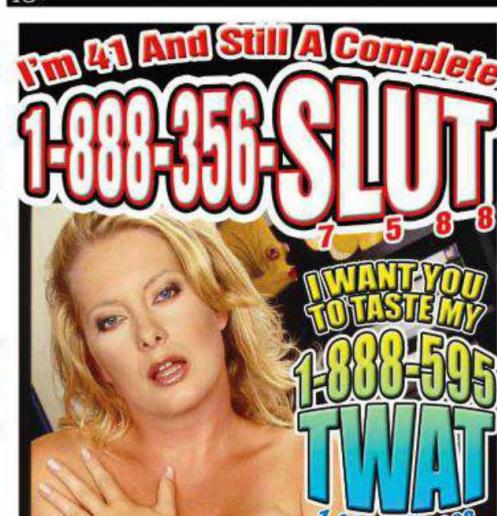
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